

# STATE'S WHITE FLEET BEGINS SUMMER SCHEDULE

Michigan's white fleet at the Straits of Mackinac was operating on summer schedule this week as the vanguard of millions of tourists headed north.

State Highway Commissioner G. Donald Kennedy announced that hourly schedules would be maintained from both St. Ignace and Mackinaw City with two additional trips scheduled for late in the evening and in the early morning. During rush periods all four boats will operate without schedule to transport tourist vehicles just as rapidly as they can load, make the crossings and unload.

The summer schedule, effective until September 5, is as follows: Leave Mackinaw City at 2 a. m.,

5 a. m., and every hour until 11 p. m., inclusive.

Leave St. Ignace at 12:30 a. m., 3:30 a. m., 5:30 a. m., and every hour until 9:30 p. m., inclusive; also 11:30 p. m.

With traffic for the first four months of this year showing an increase of 35 per cent above that for the same period last year, Kennedy predicted the state-owned ferry fleet would be taxed to capacity throughout the summer months.

He was confident, however, that with the addition of the newly christened City of Petoskey which has just been added to the state fleet, excellent service would be available this year.

Crosses in southeastern Michigan have been observed eating not corn, but cornucopias in stalks in the fields.

# NORMAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA WILL CLOSE SEASON

Celebrating ten years of its existence, the Normal College Symphony Orchestra, of Michigan State Normal College at Ypsilanti, will play its eighth and concluding concert of this school year in Pease Auditorium, Ypsilanti, on Sunday, June 8, at 4:15 p. m. Music lovers of adjacent communities are urged to attend this program of fine music, to which there is no admission charge.

Emily Adams, violinist, and Heinrich van Hussen will be heard in solo roles with the orchestra, Miss Adams playing the Bruch Concerto in D Minor, and Mr. van Hussen collaborating with the orchestra in Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue. Both soloists are residents of Detroit.

The orchestra, conducted by Marius Fossenkemper, will be heard in "Scenes, Impressions, and Lightening and the Treasure Waltz, from 'The Gypsy Baron'."

A strong music program in any institution is valuable. Music becomes a spur to living and accomplishment after college days are over.

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# WESTERN SHOW

By VIC YARDMAN  
(Associated Press Wire Service)

KEITH DUNN learned that Flint Norton and his outfit were, on the very day of Marianna's arrival scheduled to be in town. Norton's cowboys, Keith learned, were to end a 30-mile drive of cattle on that day at the freight yards, and would undoubtedly spend the night celebrating.

That meant trouble. Norton's Single T crew and the Bar X outfit had been at sword's points for more than a year. Trouble over water rights. And usually when they met in town there was a fight.

It was partly because of this and partly because Keith wanted to welcome Marianna into true western fashion that he rode into town on the evening of Marianna's arrival, surrounded by six of his best riders, men who were equally handy with six-shooters. But as he stood on the dusty platform and watched the westbound draw near, Keith frowned to himself as thoughts of Marianna flitted through his mind. Marianna had always ridiculed his letters, letters in which he told of rustler wars, six-gun fights, lynchings and what not. She had never taken him seriously.

"Too much like the days of the last frontier," she'd written him. "Twenty-five years ago we easterners might have swallowed that sort of stuff. Keith dear. But not in

Marianna, who by this time had been allotted a more genteel sled by her brother, saddled up and headed directly for the Single T.

these days. So don't try to frighten me, brother. I'm coming out to visit you anyhow."

Marianna was the only passenger to alight from the west-bound. For an instant she stood on the pullman's steps and surveyed the group of six serious-faced punchers who surrounded her brother.

"Whoopie," she cried, rushing into Keith's arms. "Darling, this is a real western welcome. Cowboys here to meet me with guns, chaps, ten-gallon hats and everything. Do we ride out to the ranch in an old-fashioned stage-coach, or am I scheduled to ride astride a bucking bronco?"

Keith grinned in spite of himself. If he had entertained thoughts of trying to impress Marianna with the fact that these men were armed for a purpose, he promptly dismissed the thought. Followed by the cowboys he led the way to the big ranch touring car. He laughed at her expression of disappointment at not being conveyed in at least a buckboard, grasped the wheel and wheeled the big car into the main street.

Marianna promptly forgot her disappointment at sight of the truly story-book looking buildings. False-fronted saloons and everything. They had, in fact, come to a stop before the very door of a saloon to allow the passage of a slow-moving wagon. Laughing and jostling men were moving in and out of the swinging doors. One of the stopped to stare at the car. And Marianna, all innocent, shouted a "whoopie, cowboy," in gay fashion.

Keith groaned. The man was Flint Norton himself, and he was already within two paces of the car. "Hello, girlie. That's terrible company you're with." He leered drunkenly. And Marianna, assuming that it was all a part of the show being staged by her brother, smiled into his face and winked broadly.

Norton reached out a hand, grasping her arm. Instantly one of the cowboys who had piled into the big car's tonneau, was out and had grasped Norton by the shoulder, whirling him about. The Single T plover turned with a snarl, not having dared to his hip. There was suddenly a roar of six-guns. Norton staggered back, one hand clutching the arm of the other, from which the gun had dropped.

Marianna clapped her hands in glee. "Bravo!" she shouted gaily. The car leaped ahead at a terrific pace. Behind them could be heard angry shouts, a fusillade of shots.

Keith tried to explain that the fight was in all seriousness, the result of her own actions—and was laughed at.

sliding through the atmosphere, en route to a haystack. (Fortunately a haystack.)

But the girl was gone. She knew it was all a part of Keith's way to show her what a tenderfoot she was. But she declined to ride again that day. Keith drove her around the place in the car, took advantage of the opportunity to explain that the Single T range bordered on his own and it would be exceedingly dangerous for Marianna ever to be in the car directed along it.

Marianna promised, secretly telling herself she'd ride over and call on Flint Norton, at her first opportunity.

The opportunity came three days later. Keith was in town on business. The cowboys were out on the range. Marianna, who by this time had been allotted a more genteel sled by her brother, saddled up and headed directly for the Single T.

The Single T ranch buildings, she discovered, weren't as western-looking as Keith's, nor as neat. But Flint had grand, apparently, in country where others failed.

The first person Marianna met was Flint Norton himself. And that individual, seated on his veranda smoking a brown paper cigarette, gave her a tremendous start at sight of the girl and disappeared inside the house. He came out a moment later, carrying a rifle.

"Hello, neighbor," Marianna said, "wanted to congratulate you on the part you played in the show the other night."

"Show?" Norton's jaw opened, and he snapped shut. "Come up on set, sister. I'll be with you in jig time."

Marianna dismounted and seated herself on the veranda. Norton disappeared. Minutes later Marianna saw him coming across the ranch yard. At the same instant she heard footsteps behind her and turned in time to glimpse two ugly faces, before a bag was thrust over her head.

Marianna was held captive two days. Then a distracted Keith and a bunch of Bar X riders located her in a deserted camp up in the hills. In the fight that followed one of the Single T cowboys was killed, another wounded. And a Bar X boy stopped a bullet with his forearm.

"Norton wanted ransom," Keith explained, when Marianna had been placed astride one of the Single T's horses and they were en route home. "But I called his bluff. I knew he wouldn't dare harm you, and I had a hunch they'd hide you up here. Norton and his gang quit after the first five minutes of fighting."

Marianna's eyes were shining. "It was perfectly swell, Keith. Real western stuff and all that! But I must say your hired actors are a bit rough at times."

Keith looked at her in amazement. "Good heavens, Marianna! Don't sit there and tell me you thought it was a put-up job!"

Marianna smiled at him. "Dear old Keith, you always were the best of brothers, always trying to show me a good time, the real thing. But always, as now, a bit rough on a girl."

Keith tried to speak and found that words wouldn't come. He stared a glance at the highway riding along behind, and saw that their faces were filled with disgust, especially the boy whose forearm had stopped a bullet.

The next day Keith drove Marianna to the ranch in the big touring car and put her aboard the east-bound.

"So long, kid. Come out again sometime. Hope you enjoyed it."

"You bet I did, Keith. Couldn't have enjoyed it more. Swell trip. You couldn't have made it seem more real, though a bit rough. You bet I'll come again. It's the real life. Good-by, Keith dear, and thanks."

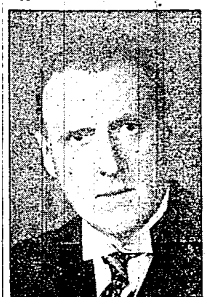
Keith watched the eastbound out of sight. "A bit rough," he repeated. "And she thought we were kidding her all the time. Well, I'll be—!" And he was turned away, feeling for the first time in a week quite relieved and at peace.

Many Cities in America Have Interesting Names

For more than 12 years John A. Christmann of Mount Pulaski, Ill., made a study of various city-name stampings and grouped them under many interesting and surprising headings. He has, altogether, more than 900 of these American postmarks, arranged in groups representing some 40 subjects, besides a lot of odd unclassified names such as Rollingsstone, Minn., Crowheart, Wyo., Widenmouth, W. Va., Busyhead, Okla., and Blumner, Ky.

# DUNN NAMED HEAD OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH

Some 6,000 Christian Scientists from many parts of the world gathered in annual meeting last Sunday in Boston were called upon by The Christian Science Board of Directors to consecrate themselves to the defense of the democratic system of government as the best human instrument for preserving the basic rights of mankind to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."



JOHN RANDALL DUNN

In this definitely allying this world-wide religious movement with the defenders of Democracy everywhere, the Directors stated that it was their conviction that if social and political freedom is to be preserved "democratic forms of government must be maintained."

Incoming President

The Directors also announced the election of John Randall Dunn of Boston and Centerville, Mass., as President of The Mother Church for the ensuing year. The chief duty of the President is to preside at the Annual Meetings.

The new President is the son of James Randall Dunn, long identified with the United States Immigration Service. He is a native of Massillon, Ohio, receiving his schooling there and in San Francisco and from private tutors. For a few years he was in the service of the government, but gave up his work for the healing ministry of Christian Science. He has served this movement many years in a large variety of positions including First Reader of "The Mother Church" and as a Christian Science

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ALL ARE WELCOME

lecturer, during which he carried the message of Christian Science into all parts of the world.

The Incoming President accented the theme of spiritual progress with the reassuring statement that "the present material upheaval does not portend the breaking up of Christian civilization or the plunging of humanity into chaotic darkness."

# MANHATTAN BOROUGH, NEW YORK, NOW 'ALL DIAL'

On October 15, 1922, New York City's first dial telephone central office was placed in operation. It was the exchange designated as "Pennsylvania." On March 3, 1940, the last of Manhattan's manual central offices went out of service, with the result that Manhattan is now "all dial." The transition has been gradual but steady throughout the last decade.



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